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New Republic

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New Republic

CONTENTS FOR OCT. 24, 1949

5 After the Communist Trial: An Editorial

6 Dulles in the Gutter: An Editorial

7 The Week:

7 Issues for 1950

7 The AEC Vindicated

8 "The Utmost Sympathy"

8 Piecemeal Planning

9 Insull Rides Again

9 Herblock Cartoon

11 New York's Election, by Murray Snyder

13 A Full Employment Policy, by Leon H. Keyserling

15 Harold L. Ickes

17 Books:

17 The Hunting of Witches, by James R. Newman

19 Brief Comment

20 Theatre

21 Music

22 Movies

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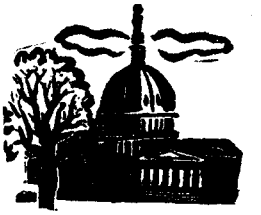
WASHINGTON WIRE

INDIA SAILED into the ken of the average Congressman last week when Pandit Nehru suddenly appeared out of nowhere and addressed the legislature briefly and noncommittally. The average Congressman had a vague sense that Nehru was important, but wasn't quite sure why. Digging around, he found India comprises one-sixth of the world's people, hasn't got modern plumbing and probably needs loans. A mood of complacent condescension to a representative of one of the darker races was modified by the cheerful, open-hearted friendliness and hospitality which Americans customarily show to just about anybody who doesn't bite them.



There was also the surprising discovery that this slender man with the poet's face and rather awe-inspiring dignity, who had been jailed by the British a dozen times for leading a successful passive-resistance revolution, is probably the single most important political figure in Asia today. Dixiecrats, who regard with suspicion anybody with a complexion one shade darker than a strong sunburn, learned to their dismay that Nehru is also an avowed Socialist. All this made an amusing contrast as East and West looked at each other while the visitor quietly spoke. Nehru has shown a disconcerting impartiality so far, as between America and Russia. He did nothing here to dispel it.

Our fellow columnist of this magazine, Harold Ickes, put on one of the best shows we have ever seen in demolishing poor Senator Sheridan Downey (D, Calif.) before the O'Mahoney Senate subcommittee. We don't know exactly why we write "poor" for Downey, the erratic Senator who now thinks federally irrigated land should go to big corporations instead of small farmers in the Central Valley project and who charges the Interior Department with deceit and incompetence. Ickes began mildly by saying that "Sheridan was 20 miles away" on this issue from the beginning. With under lip a little outthrust and with manifestations of the lustiest enjoyment, the Old Curmudgeon sat 12 feet away from his unhappy victim and competently took him apart, while the other, white-faced and writhing, tried to pretend that this operation without anesthesia didn't hurt.

As Ickes went to bat for his former subordinates it was easy to see the loyalty he used to inspire and to recall sadly the great team assembled under Roosevelt. What power Ickes would lend the Truman Cabinet! But Our Harry, alas, isn't the man to handle such a figure.

Since Ickes is no longer in office, there is no retaliatory action his Senate enemies can take in cutting Interior Department appropriations. With little smirks of relish the Curmudgeon pursued his quarry, referring to Downey's inconsistencies as "falsies," his vehement protestations as "banshee keenings," and ridiculing Downey's version of an interview with former Reclamation Commissioner Bashore in which Downey alleges Bashore protested to him "with tears in his eyes" against political pressure from within the Department. Bashore likewise denies the charge—but not in Ickes' memorable words: "What a tender scene, Sheridan wiping the tears from the Bashore peepers!"

The biggest news often is something that doesn't happen. Paul Robeson addressed an anti-segregation meeting in racially conscious Washington and there wasn't another Peekskill. In fact it was all quiet. Brave but quaking whites and blacks, out to see free speech preserved, went away happy, while the fellow travelers who had clearly set up the provocative affair

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were as clearly disappointed. The incident showed that with common-sense treatment, including absence of newspaper hysteria and inflammatory counter-picketing, and with proper police protection, democratic free speech can be preserved.

We learned a lot from that meeting, and admit it. We shall think about it a long time. First was the feeling that Communists have grabbed the racial issue cynically and deliberately for their own ends. Second was the impression that, in the massive and majestic Paul Robeson, Negroes have found the most impressive personality their race has ever produced in America. Third was the disheartening evidence that Robeson has been tied tight to the Party Line (he charges that Truman's "Point Four" program to aid backward nations is really designed to reënslave Africa by exploitation). And finally we believe the point has been reached when America must reconsider 15 million Negroes' just grievances—or rue the day.

Notes. President Truman seems more and more committed to a policy of rigid farm-price supports; he is acutely aware that farmers swung the balance to him last November. But, with surpluses reappearing, farm prices just can't be shored up indefinitely and Truman can wreck his administration trying to do it. . . . The Senate has seen filibusters before but never one like that against the DP bill run by a Senator (McCarran) traveling abroad; the absentee's speech and cablegrams were read by a colleague and should have had the postscript: "Having fine time, wish you were here." . . . The Admirals' revolt against unification and civilian control has been so extraordinary as to make it hard to comment; bumbling chairman Vinson of the House Committee has anxiously held his thermometer up to the Navy every morning to find out how its morale is, as though that were the important point. We have no great fondness for Defense Secretary Louis Johnson's ambitious personality, but he is tough, and thank goodness for it.

Washington T. R. B.

CORRESPONDENCE

Marx and Nagel

SIR: In his comments on my contribution to *Philosophy for the Future: The Quest of Materialism*, your reviewer, Ernest Nagel (the *NR*, September 5, 1949), declares "the degree of his independence from narrow partisan bias is illustrated by his judgment on social scientists who would keep their discipline uncommitted to any program of social change as 'passive tools of interest groups'." I believe that the readers of your periodical are entitled to know the context in which the phrase occurred . . . and to judge for themselves whether my point of view reflects "narrow partisan bias."

In my criticism of the neo-positivists in sociology, particularly George Lundberg, I state:

> He [Lundberg] would even make a cipher of the social scientists, for he suggests that they should be "non-moral" and should be ready to serve any political regime that happens to be in power: "The services of *real* social scientists would be as indispensable to Fascists as to Communists and Democrats, just as are the services of physicists and physicians." He would thus make the scientists the passive tools of interest groups rather than active policy makers. The same result was achieved by the conventional oft reiterated device in sociological circles of contending that the sociologist must abjure value judgments. Such a procedure, if conscientiously adhered to, would make the sociologist a passive sieve through which data would drain, rather than the interpretive integrator and creative reformulator of knowledge on which action can be based.

I contend that any fair-minded reader will search vainly for "narrow partisan bias" in the above argument for creative and independent scholarship and for social scientists who have sufficient faith in their ideas to formulate programs of action. . . .

New York City BERNHARD J. STERN

SIR: Dr. Nagel's references to Dr. Leslie White in his recent review in your magazine were grossly unfair.

As a former student of Dr. White and as one who has kept pace with all his writings, I know that he is not: (a) "An intransigent orthodox Marxist"; (b) "Devoted to straight-line historical materialism."

There is a vast difference between White's cultural determinism and Marx's historical materialism. Let me quote from Dr. White's "Man's Control Over Civilization," which appeared in the *Scientific Monthly*, March, 1948:

> Culture is a vast stream of tools, utensils, customs, and beliefs that are constantly interacting with one another, creating new combinations and syntheses. . . . The culture of today is but the cross section of this stream at the present moment, the resultant of the age-old process of interaction, selection, rejection, and accumulation that has preceded us.
>
> Thus, in a very real sense, culture makes itself. It rests upon its own principles; it is governed by its own laws.

Does that sound like historical materialism?

For many years now Dr. White has been subjected to unfair labeling. Not that he minds. He is enough of an anthropologist to know that in man's history there have been many attempts to destroy truths with a label.

Washington, D. C. EDWARD CHEYFITZ

SIR: There are two questions I would request readers of the *New Republic* to keep in mind in judging the merits of Dr. Stern's protesting letter. By what line of reasoning does the fact that Lundberg (or any other social scientist) professes a conception of social science which abjures value judgments, support Dr. Stern's conclusion that Lundberg "would thus make scientists the passive tools of interest groups"? And just how does it follow from the conception of a value-free social science that those who espouse it cannot also be "active policy makers"?

My adverse comment on Dr. Stern's criticism of Lundberg and others was based on my inability to find anywhere in his essay supporting reasons for these claims. The sentence he quotes from Lundberg, whether read alone or more properly in context, clearly does not constitute evidence for Dr. Stern's imputations. For to hold that the objective warrant of an alleged social fact is independent of the uses to which such a fact may be put by opposing social philosophies, is not the same as to hold that social scientists, in their capacity as responsible members of a community rather than as dispassionate students of social mechanisms, cannot or should not be active workers for definite social ideals. This distinction is elementary and fundamental. . . .

In answer to Edward Cheyfitz, I did not pretend in my review to pass judgment on the published work of Leslie White, but only on the single essay in the materialism volume. Unless the charge is that I misrepresented that bit of writing, I do not see that Mr. Cheyfitz and I have an argument.

New York City ERNEST NAGEL

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AFTER THE COMMUNIST TRIAL

THE COMMUNIST PARTY is now outlawed in this country. That is the immediate important result of the action of the federal jury which last week found eleven top officials of that party guilty, under the Smith Act of 1940, of "conspiring to teach or advocate the violent overthrow" of the United States Government.

The Supreme Court may, on appeal, upset the verdict of the jury in the case—a case that was unparalleled in this country's history for the length of the proceedings and for extraordinary actions in the courtroom. But unless and until such action is taken by the highest court, the result must stand as stated above.

The eleven defendants were tried, not as individuals but as officials of the Communist Party, and it was the party that was on trial. In scores of instances, the testimony concerned itself with matters as to which there was only the most shadowy connection with the several defendants, or none. If the party continues to hold the beliefs it now professes, any new group of persons who took over its control would automatically subject themselves to possible arrest and trial like the eleven men who have just spent the better part of 1949 in court. It may be that the party will now make a pretense of changing itself enough to come inside the law; but anyone who knows anything about the Communists knows that they will not seriously alter their major operations; if these cannot be conducted legally, they will be conducted surreptitiously.

The three main points to be considered about the trial, with due recognition of the fact that while it is on appeal it is still *sub judice,* are: First, was the bringing of the action under this statute a part of wise social policy? Second, did the government prove its case? Third, what will be the effect on the future of this country, dedicated as it is to democratic processes and the maintenance of civil liberties?

There can be no doubt, in our judgment, that the Smith Act is a bad law. Since "conspiracy" is so difficult to prove, the law is always likely to be used to punish mere belief without any action such as might invoke Justice Holmes's famous dictum of "a clear and present danger." We said at the time, and still think, that the conviction of the Trotskyists in Minnesota was a disgraceful miscarriage of justice. The Smith Act should be repealed; if the government had a good case against the Communists, it should have proceeded under the General Conspiracy Statute, or indicted them for failure to register as agents of a foreign principal.

Did the government prove its case? This is not the time or place for a detailed review of the evidence brought forward by the prosecution witnesses, many of them former secret agents of the FBI—which, incidentally, did a superlative job of espionage among party members. It was certainly proved that the Communists are a secret society rather than a legitimate party; that the members use false names and are guilty of wholesale lying about such matters as party membership. Some very wild talk at secret meetings of Communist cells was reported. If anyone were under any illusions about the Communists, these illusions should by now be dispelled. They have no respect for our way of life, no matter how much lip service they may give it in their public utterances. They are as unscrupulous in pursuit of their ends as the Mohammedans of 1,200 years ago, or indeed any fanatics, at any place or time. In case of a war between the United States and the Soviet Union there is no doubt that they would do all they could to aid a Russian victory.

Yet it remains true that the testimony given at this trial indicates the Communists have talked in private very much as they have talked in public. The books and pamphlets which were cited as evidence of their revolutionary and conspiratorial purpose are openly on sale in bookstores. If they are engaged in the sort of plots and preparations which have preceded a Communist putsch in one European country after another, in the past 30 years, the evidence did not make it clear.

It was not for the judge and jury in this trial to pass a verdict on the social wisdom of the Smith Act. They are compelled to assume that the Act is proper and constitutional until it is held otherwise by the Supreme Court, or modified by a fresh Act of Congress. It is no disparagement of the members of the jury, who, we assume, did their best as American citizens under most trying circumstances, to say that this was in fact a political trial, conducted in an atmosphere

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of political hysteria, with a background of the cold war with the Soviet Union. In such an atmosphere, "Anglo-Saxon justice" in the old sense is impossible. Men's actions are judged, not by what they mean but by what they might mean. Any accusation is in some degree a condemnation—as it is in Washington today, where the charge of disloyalty ruins a man's career no matter how completely he is afterward vindicated.

In these terms the Communist trial has been a disaster, or, rather, part of a long-continued and mounting disaster in which millions of Americans, under the whip of fear, are losing much of their sense of proportion, their sense of humor, and their adherence to democratic principles. It is no answer—though people often try to make it one—to say that in the Communist-controlled countries the same thing is even more true; if we respond to an attack on our democracy by adopting the attitude of the opponent, that opponent thereby wins a great part of his case. The Communists, if they are as shrewd as we think they are, will be delighted to be made martyrs and to be spared the necessity of any longer pretending to conduct themselves properly in terms of our national mores. It is the American people who have now suffered a defeat, a defeat from which only the Supreme Court can rescue us.

DULLES IN THE GUTTER

JOHN FOSTER DULLES is conducting an energetic campaign for the United States Senate in New York State against former Governor Herbert Lehman. A candidate should be energetic; but the level of Dulles' political debate, the character of his attacks on his opponent, must have come as a shock to thousands of people who have always supposed that Dulles, an able lawyer and an important leader of the Protestant Church, stood for high standards of probity in public life.

Dulles has confined his campaign almost entirely to the charge that his opponent is a tool of the Communists and that Lehman's election will bring appreciably nearer a Communist dictatorship in the United States. He says, for example, that Lehman ran in 1946 on the ticket of the "Communist-controlled American Labor Party. . . . He's not a Communist, but he is going their way and they are supporting him. . . ." He adds the curious observation, "If you could see the kind of people in New York City making up this bloc that is voting for my opponent, if you could see them with your own eyes. . .," and comes to a climax with, "If we don't do that here [defeat the Fair Deal] we will go down with the tide and we will have our children and our grandchildren fighting their way back—a bloody way—against the all-powerful state."

Dulles' personal friend and political ally, Governor Dewey, speaking on Dulles' behalf, takes the same line. He accuses Lehman of supporting "socialized medicine," quotes Lenin as being also in favor of socialized medicine, and says, "Everybody is for Dulles except the Reds. . . . We must not give the Communists the keystone of their arch in this country. We must elect Foster Dulles, who is pledged to keep us free."

All this is of course poppycock. The Communists tried hard to persuade Henry Wallace to enter the Senatorial race. The *Daily Worker* is attacking Lehman, who is a former Wall Street banker and a man whose whole record proves he is as far as possible from belief in any sort of totalitarianism. Lehman wants only the absolute minimum of "Statism" that will keep private capitalism working without the intolerable stresses that come from its uncontrolled operations.

Dulles, in short, is trying to win on a completely dishonest issue. He is trying to capitalize on the emotions of terror and hatred for Communism which exist among Catholics particularly but among conservatives in general. He knows that his own record during the few months he has been in the Senate on a temporary appointment has been painfully undistinguished; one recalls most strongly the vote against Leland Olds and Dulles' immortal remark that he is opposed to federal aid to education because "the federal government has no resources to tap greater than the combined resources of the states." (He will get the shock of his life when he learns of the existence of the federal income tax and the tariff.)

So the man whose intellectual and moral integrity were his stock in trade barters them away at the first moment for the chance of victory. The amateur in politics suddenly turns professional on terms which would nauseate many a hardened practitioner. The prognosticators say he is not likely to win, and we hope they are right; Lehman seems to us in every way a superior candidate. But one cannot help asking: What can Dulles do with his victory if he does win? Is he now prepared to take his oath as a United States Senator on a stack of red herring? Win or lose, this campaign is a self-betrayal for John Foster Dulles.

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THE WEEK

ISSUES FOR 1950

The 81st Congress left President Truman with plenty to talk about next year. On foreign policy, the President got what he wanted. On his three key domestic issues—repeal of Taft-Hartley, the Brannan farm plan, and civil rights—he was beaten and must try again when Congress comes back for a second session in January.

Last-minute attempts to salvage a part of the Brannan farm program failed. During the closing hours of Congress the Senate and House Agriculture Committee conferees tried to reach an agreement between the Anderson bill for support on a sliding scale of 75 to 90 percent of parity, and the Gore bill, passed by the House, for support of basic commodities at an unyielding rate of 90 percent of parity. After a weekend of angry conferences, Administration leaders were satisfied with a one-year extension of 90 percent of parity, and warned that a real fight for Brannan's farm program would take place next year.

Even without repeal of Taft-Hartley, labor made a sizable gain this session, when both the Senate and House passed a 75-cent minimum-wage bill. The record vote of the two parties on minimum wage and Taft-Hartley provides plenty of ammunition for Democrats campaigning in 1950.

President Truman and his Congressional leaders postponed civil-rights legislation until next session. The prospect of an extensive filibuster so late in the session was the deciding factor. Neither Administration leaders nor Negro groups supporting the civil-rights program felt that there would be any hope of favorable action if they forced the issue last week. Senate Majority Leader Scott Lucas (Ill.) has pledged that fair-employment-practices legislation will be given top priority in January.

With major appropriation bills out of the way and all of the important international measures, from the Marshall Plan to the Atlantic Pact, safely through both Houses, Congress should have time next year to concentrate on giving a fairer deal to the people in the form of civil rights, aid to education, middle-income housing and many other social reforms requested by the President.

THE AEC VINDICATED

On May 22, 1949, the Sunday papers carried banner headlines based on Senator Bourke B. Hickenlooper's (R, Ia.) charge that "The Atomic Energy Commission is now staggering under daily disclosure of evidence of incredible mismanagement . . . that the interests of the nation can best be served by the President requesting the resignation of Mr. David Lilienthal." Three days later Lilienthal, in a letter to the chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, requested a "full, complete, and speedy report" of Hickenlooper's charges. The Committee held 45 separate meetings connected with the investigation—24 of them in public, and the remaining 21 in private. Last week, in a straight party vote, the Committee approved an 87-page report clearing the Atomic Energy Commission of all charges.

The task of the Commission, the report pointed out, is to strike a balance between "security by achievement" (protecting our country by keeping it far ahead of rivals in the sciences and in quality and quantity of bomb output) and "security by concealment" (safekeeping atomic-energy secrets). "Just where this balance should be struck in particular instances," the report said, "depends upon circumstances and upon a weighing of the fact that, on one hand, Russian success in achieving first a bomb and later a stockpile has always been a foregone conclusion and that, on the other hand, American secrecy slows the rate of foreign progress but may hamper our own progress as well."

With these standards in mind, the majority held groundless the three primary allegations made by Hickenlooper: that, because of inadequate screening, persons of Communist leanings were employed on atomic-energy research; that lax security practices had permitted vital information on atomic weapons to reach the Soviet Union; that the Commission had wasted millions of dollars in maladministration. These charges, the report states, "leave the impression that we lack a substantial bomb stockpile, that little progress has been made in weapon design, that production of fissionable material is slow, and that our research efforts are faltering. But when the indictment was made specific at the investigation . . . the results achieved during the past two and one-half years were conceded to be good."

The only dramatic "fiasco" illuminated during the investigation had to do with caved-in roofs among houses built by the Manhattan District. On the other hand are unchallenged assertions that improved plant operations at Hanford will save the government as much as $40 million annually; that operating expenses at Oak Ridge for fiscal 1950 will show a decrease of $30 million over 1947; that the unit cost of producing U-235 has been cut 50 percent.

The extensive testimony, the report concluded, found "no evidence hinting that Russia obtained secrets from the Commission which advanced by one day the date when she completed her first atomic bomb. Likewise, no evidence hints that Russia has acquired information from the Commission which would enable her to improve, by so much as mucilage and tissue paper, the current Soviet bomb designs."

Senator Hickenlooper, who instigated the hearings and used up most

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of the Committee's time cross-examining witnesses, apparently turned a deaf ear toward the whole proceeding. The day after the majority report was made public, he repeated his charges, one by one, and predicted that "the investigations, under one name or another, are bound to continue."

"THE UTMOST SYMPATHY"

The coalition of Southern Democrats and Republicans, which killed the civil-rights program at the beginning of the 81st Congress, repeated the performance at the end of the first session and killed a bill liberalizing the Displaced Persons Act. It was a major defeat for President Truman, who has called the restriction placed in the present law by the GOP 80th Congress "anti-Semitic and anti-Catholic." Administration leaders in the Senate, plagued by absentee Democrats, Southern opposition, and a Republican filibuster, gave up the fight. By a vote of 36-30, the DP bill was sent back to committee, where its proponents must again suffer grueling inquisition by Judiciary Committee Chairman Pat McCarran (D, Nev.) next year.

Oddly enough, the absence of Senator McCarran, who vigorously opposes lowering immigration barriers even so much as to allow one more alien to enter this country, aided the opponents of the DP bill. McCarran has spent the past few weeks junketing in Europe, on the pretext of investigating the DP situation as well as to pay respects to Generalissimo Franco. He found time to send several cablegrams to the effect that it would be "a serious mistake" to pass additional DP legislation now. His Senate cohorts, James Eastland (D, Miss.) and Harry P. Cain (R, Wash.), used "wait-till-McCarran-comes-back" as the main theme of the opposition.

The bill, previously approved by the House, would have raised the number of DP's eligible for admission from 205,000 in two years to 339,000 in three years. It repealed discriminatory provisions of the present law (a promise in both Republican and Democratic campaign platforms last year) requiring that 30 percent of the DP's admitted be farmers and 40 percent be Balts. It advanced the cut-off date for DP eligibility.

Senator Cain filibustered one precious day, opening his speech with, "I have always had the utmost sympathy for these unfortunate refugees," and closing, "I am unalterably opposed to any legislation which enlarges the scope of the Displaced Persons problem to the extent that it constitutes a breaking down of our immigration barriers." Senator William Langer (R, N. D.) spent the better part of another day attacking the bill in a speech delivered from a sitting position, a feat without precedent that got more publicity than any single remark on the plight of the DP's.

The Administration leaders had a tough time breaking in to present their side of the question. Majority Whip Francis Myers (Pa.) warned the Senate that failure to act now will have serious effects in many places. But when the Senate voted to sidetrack the legislation this session, 17 Democrats, all from the South except two—Downey (Calif.) and Johnson (Colo.)—voted with 19 Republicans in favor of the Cain-Eastland motion. Sixteen Democrats and 14 Republicans opposed it. Thirty Senators were absent.

PIECEMEAL PLANNING

The impracticality of piecemeal river-basin planning has been demonstrated in the Missouri basin.

First plan for development of that stream was General Lewis A. Pick's proposed *flowing* navigation channel in the lower river (Sioux City to the mouth). Next, the Bureau of Reclamation's W. G. Sloan proposed extensive irrigation projects to be watered out of the main streams just above Pick's channel. At that point in planning, the Hoover Commission warned that there are "grave doubts" about the adequacy of water in the river for both the Pick and Sloan schemes.

Recently, the Department of Agriculture has filed a third Missouri-basin plan, for extensive soil and forest conservation and water-stabilization structures back at the heads of the creeks. The Bureau of Reclamation, alarmed, has protested against too great acceleration of conservation and the proposed construction of 407,000 farm ponds intended to help conserve the pastures and range lands. They might "seriously jeopardize" water supply for the works already planned, said Sloan, Reclamation Commissioner Straus and Interior Secretary Krug.

"This is a confession and a blunder," said Ben Stong of the Regional Committee for MVA. "Previously, Interior and the Army have been brazening out the water shortage, refusing to admit it. Now they have confessed, and they have blundered by saying that farmers should eat at the second table, if any. Western farmers do not surrender their scarce water that easily."

Meantime, the Federal Power Commission has come forward with a sane way out of the dilemma. The FPC argues, in effect, that if the agricultural program could be advanced enough materially to reduce silt in the lower Missouri River, a series of low-head dams could be built which would provide slack-water navigation plus 12.5 billion k.w.h. of electric power annually. Unlike Pick's flowing navigation channel, the slack-water channel would not require any of the West's precious water.

Moral of the story: Rivers should be planned all at once, for multiple purposes. Result of the story: Senator James E. Murray (D, Mont.) will probably make another effort to get an MVA, asking for a preliminary commission to study the present planning mess.

SCIENCE AND SECURITY

The news that the Russians have exploded an atomic bomb gives emphasis to a letter recently sent to President Truman and signed by 145 outstanding scientists. The letter suggests that the President should set up a special Commission on Science and National Security, "composed of foremost scientists and educators, outstanding men of public affairs, and

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representatives of Congress, the National Military Establishment, and other agencies of the Executive branch."

This new body would consider how to combine legitimate and necessary secrecy with that degree of interchange of information which is absolutely necessary if knowledge is to advance and we are not to fall behind in the worldwide scientific race. Answers would be sought to such questions as:

At what point does zeal for secrecy diminish security?

To what areas can security measures safely be applied?

How can secrecy procedures be kept from impairing needed scientific knowledge?

What security measures should be applied to work done outside military laboratories?

What sort of clearance procedures can and should be applied to men working in laboratories of various categories?

What is the effect on the morale of scientists of loyalty oaths and affidavits, as compared with government investigation?

The letter sensibly concludes:

American scientists differ in no way from their fellow citizens in their desire to protect the best interests of their country. They seek no special dispensations or privileges. In opposing extreme advocates of military security they are really seeking, not less security but more. Our real strength lies not in the guarded knowledge of the moment, but in our ability to keep in the forefront of advancing knowledge. We recognize that the issue of security v. freedom of science is one of public policy and that opinions other than those of scientists must enter into its resolution. It is for this reason, and because we are convinced that the matter is of urgent importance, that we ask for the establishment now of a Special Presidential Commission of broad representation and scope.

INSULL RIDES AGAIN

Samuel Insull discovered thirty years ago, that the best way to destroy public officials whom the utilities disliked was to abandon all reason and call them Bolsheviks. Insull summarized his discovery in a speech, "Pinning the Red Label," distributed 19,000 copies of it to his fellow magnates, and went on to rob the American public of millions in utility swindles.

Insull may be gone, but his spirit was carried forward to new triumphs by the gas and utility lobbies in the Senate's refusal to reappoint Leland Olds to the Federal Power Commission.

Senator Olin Johnson (D, S. C.) led off against Olds, calling him a "warped, tyrannical, mischievous, egotistical chameleon whose predominant color is pink." Senator Ives (R, N. Y.) continued by challenging Olds's loyalty and patriotism. Senator Capehart (R, Ind.) identified Olds with Stalin. Senator Dulles (R, N. Y.) rushed from Buffalo to imply that not only was Olds a dangerous character but that Herbert Lehman was somehow tied up with him. But these were banderillas; Senator Lyndon Johnson (D, Tex.) was the matador who thrust the sword home.

Olds, said Johnson, was full of "bias, prejudice and hostility" for the gas and utility monopolies; he was incapable of seeing "the industries' side." Olds, he cried out, believed in public ownership; his purpose could best be described by "the ugly word confiscation." Are the lobbies against him? asked Johnson. What nonsense! "If the power lobby is now seeking to kill off Mr. Olds I can only conclude that they are trying to kill him with kindness."

A small band of Senators defended Olds through the long night session. First, Wayne Morse (R, Ore.) declared that Olds was being punished because he took seriously the intent of the Senate's own legislation; William Langer (R, N. D.), Hubert Humphrey (D, Minn.), George Aiken (R, Vt.), and finally Paul Douglas (D, Ill.), continued, speaking to closed minds.

It was a clear issue between the utilities and the consumers, and a one-sided fight. The utilities put up the funds for campaign expenditures; the consumers only vote and pay the utilities' bills. Thirty-two Republicans and 21 Southern and Southwestern Democrats voted against Olds. Fifteen Northern Democrats and two Republicans supported him. Six liberals, on whom Olds was counting, found it more convenient to be absent. One was terrorized by the threat of a primary fight. One was called off by a publisher in his state with large corporate interests. One gave up after receiving 25,000 letters inspired by the radio diatribes of Fulton Lewis Jr. The utilities were kind, all right!

This action of the Senate is likely to cost American consumers upwards of half a billion dollars. One company alone—Phillips Petroleum—stands to gain $700 million if the rise in natural-gas prices which Olds opposed is now authorized. A great deal depends on the man whom the President appoints to replace Olds. If the utilities can hold their lines in the Senate, the FPC will be theirs.

"Want to knock off some Communist allies?"

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OUTSIDE AMERICA

For Western Europeans the news that the Soviet Union also has atomic bombs came as an anticlimax. More anxiety was caused by the train of events between the start of the British economic crisis and the discovery that devaluation might once again seriously threaten. Between these two came the realization that America, as early as this coming year rather than in 1952, might write off the Marshall Plan as a failure, pull out and leave the field open to the kind of free private enterprise that in the past has meant trouble for workmen, farmers and small businessmen.

Europeans are less worried by the public alarms of the military Cassandras than by the public optimism of the economic Pollyannas. The Soviets' ability to produce bombs had been long foreseen. Their success makes war no more likely. But the unforeseen prospect is of another economic siege unless the politicians face the new facts.

Whatever their political views, the European man in the street nowadays cannot take seriously the notion widely advertised in press and radio that the Soviets' possession of atomic bombs will not change America's foreign policies—both political and economic. Whatever his opinion about these policies, he does not believe that Acheson can afford to say that the tough policy toward Russia is to continue unchanged at a time when its foundation —the American atomic monopoly— has been broken.

In Western Europe, at least, the superstructure of that policy is already crumbling. Everyone can see, for example, that the political role of the Western European Communists changed overnight. The ceremonies of the "peace vote" held in Western European countries under Moscow's auspices became a species of victory celebration because they happened to follow by a few days President Truman's announcement. In Italy, the Catholic political organization—the Civic Committee—placarded the walls with posters showing Pablo Picasso's dove of peace holding an atomic bomb. But non-Communists of political opinions less far to the Right noted that the talons of the American eagle had not been empty for several years. And France's Interior Minister Jules Moch hurried to Rome to discuss the new situation with his friend Italian Interior Minister Mario Scelba. The small cafés and restaurants buzzed with talk that the visit of New York's Cardinal Spellman would afford an opportunity for discussion with Pope Pius of the same new situation.

There is excellent reason for concern at the Vatican. For thus far the indications are that the new-found Communist political strength in Western Europe is to be used neither in an effort to take over power nor directly against the American influences. On the contrary, the enemy of the Communists in Italy, France and elsewhere in Western Europe is not even the extreme political Right: it is that section of the Right and Center-Right which has made close alliances with clericalism. In France, for example, the Communist-dominated General Confederation of Labor let the Christian unions take the initiative in wage demands intended to counteract some of the effects of monetary devaluation. Then the Communist Party took pains to avoid blocking the Socialist compromise which was accepted by the Queuille government. In Italy, the Communist leader Palmiro Togliatti made speeches hinting that he would accept a political marriage of convenience with any conservatives willing to fight against the Christian Democratic Party which controls the government. And some of the monarchists flirted with him, hinting that they might be willing to bring the dowry he wants—Communist participation in the government; that is, an opportunity to *share* power in an anticlerical coalition.

From the Communist point of view, the essential European element in the new situation created by the Soviets' possession of the bomb, announced after the devaluations (which, so far as the European man in the street is concerned, were forced by the US), is the likelihood that America will begin to pull out of Western Europe. The combination of circumstances tends to reverse the Western European trend toward "Atlanticization." It also tends to cut the ground from under those conservative parties, especially those connected with the clerical Right, which were using American support as a means of getting and holding power.

For, to Western Europeans, the Soviet bomb plus a reversal of the trend toward a higher standard of living—the result of devaluation—does not merely mean the end of the cold war. The European phase of the cold war practically ended last spring. Then an Atlantic phase began, and an Asiatic one seemed in the offing. But now the explosion of a Soviet atomic bomb somewhere in Siberia seems to lie in about the same relationship to an Asiatic phase of the cold war as did the explosion at Hiroshima to the fighting war in Asia—an end of a chapter which was already the start of a new chapter.

What is happening now in Europe is the end of a longer period of history—the one that began in 1942 when President Roosevelt decided to concentrate America's power in the West—in Europe rather than Asia—and prevailed upon Churchill to let European political problems remain in abeyance until America's tremendous economic power could be brought to bear in the postwar period. The Europeans do not believe that America will be returning to isolationism. They do believe, however, that *their* continent may be isolated, may become a political no-man's-land, an economic depressed area, while a new and colder phase of something more frigid than cold war begins between the giants of Washington and Moscow.

PERCY WINNER

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NEW YORK'S ELECTION: PREVIEW FOR '50

by Murray Snyder

NEW YORK'S quadrennial mayoralty campaign, traditionally a city-shaking duel of the rabble-rousers, today plods toward November 8, deep in the shadow of the special election of a Senator to succeed Robert F. Wagner.

There is little doubt where the greater public interest lies. The people like a bare-knuckled fight and Senator John Foster Dulles, Republican, and former Governor Herbert H. Lehman, Democrat-Liberal, have been obliging indeed. Besides, the Senate race is a test of issues for the next Congressional elections.

The special Senate election has definitely handicapped Newbold Morris, candidate for Mayor of the Republican, Liberal and City Fusion Parties. It has worked to the advantage of Mayor William O'Dwyer, however. The Mayor has tied his campaign to that of Lehman and has wrapped his objectives in the same ideological clothing as the New Deal of Franklin Roosevelt and the Fair Deal of Harry Truman. Lehman, a proved vote-getter in the big city, is wholeheartedly for both "deals," too, and for O'Dwyer.

Morris is carrying the anti-Tammany battle flag laid down four years ago by the late Mayor F. H. LaGuardia. Unlike LaGuardia, however, he has no such ammunition as the malodorous Tammany scandals of 1930-32. LaGuardia, though nominated by the Republicans, enjoyed the friendship of President Roosevelt, no small asset in this Democratic town. Morris also has some New Deal support; for example, that of the Liberal Party and Americans for Democratic Action.

The obvious fact that Morris' only chance for election lies in getting a huge block of Democratic votes convinced him that he should stay neutral in the Senate race—and got him in bad with the Republican leaders. Nobody in the GOP high command cares very much now, it seems, about the outcome of the mayoralty contest. But the powerful campaign machine built up by Governor Thomas E. Dewey is working for Dulles, whom Dewey appointed to the Senate in July after the ailing Wagner resigned.

The campaigns raise two inescapable questions:

Wouldn't the city get a better break in the election of its Mayor if state law were revised to bar special elections of statewide officials in the odd-numbered, municipal election years?

What will happen when—or if—the long political honeymoon between Governor Dewey and Mayor O'Dwyer ends and the Dewey machine begins to pound the Democratic city administration?

Morris' nomination by the Republicans was a political accident. They turned to him when the Liberal Party said the lanky, boyish former Council President under LaGuardia was the only Republican they'd take in a Fusion movement. Then came the Senate nominations and Morris' refusal to back Dulles, even though the Senator said he would vote for him. Expressing high regard for both candidates—incidentally, Morris supported Lehman for Senator in 1946—the Fusion candidate insisted that the Senate race had nothing to do with the issue of whether New York was being governed properly.

The year 1932 clearly demonstrated how a mayoralty election can get lost in a time of national crisis and high-powered political debate. Roosevelt swamped Hoover that year, but also drowned, politically, was the Republican candidate for the seat of Mayor James J. Walker. Walker had quit during his trial on removal charges, but the Tammany scandals dug up by Judge Samuel Seabury, which resulted in the Mayor's abrupt exit, didn't pry City Hall out of Democratic hands until 1933. That was a normal city election year.

It seems that the issues of the mayoralty campaign will boil down to these major points: Is all the $1.2 billion in the city's operating budget necessary? Is it being spent wisely, honestly and for the general good, rather than for the benefit of a privileged or a partisan few? Is the program of capital improvements—schools, housing, transit, piers, etc.,—well-planned and is it being executed without graft? Are appointees of the Mayor taking graft?

This sort of stuff is hard to pin down in the few months of a campaign, without the power of subpoena. There have been rumors and even charges to grand juries concerning scandalous activities; much smoke, but little fire so far. The Mayor has discharged a handful of commissioners and deputies who had been under investigation by O'Dwyer's own people, and one influence-seller—a deputy dock commissioner—has been transferred from the city's rolls to Sing Sing's. But there are about 200,000 people on city payrolls, and the boss of City Hall says he's doing the best he can to keep them in line.

Morris is having difficulty selling his story that

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O'Dwyer has let Tammany creep back into the tent, with all the old implications. O'Dwyer, in a series of well-publicized spats with Tammany Hall during the last three years, has fostered the impression that he's a Tammany-hater. The chaps in the Wigwam don't mind this, as long as they get some patronage.

Morris has charged that at least $100 million a year is wasted in city operations and he cites an exhaustive report to the Mayor by the non-partisan Citizens Budget Commission as his authority. But O'Dwyer claims he's slowly adopting the commission's economy recommendations. Morris also has charged political influence over civil-service appointments; open horse-betting on the city streets, with the hint that it is protected by the police and that the Mayor could stop it; and sinister backstage control by Frank Costello, the gambler, over Democratic nominations and policies.

The Fusion candidate has painted the Mayor as a creature of the five Democratic county leaders, even though the evidence of how he maneuvered his second-term nomination showed fairly well that O'Dwyer was the boss in the city.

Morris suffers from the fact that O'Dwyer kept on their jobs, and promoted, a number of the most gifted members of the LaGuardia reform organization, among them Robert Moses and William Reid. Both have become important political assets. Moses, Park Commissioner and czar of city planning and construction, has strongly urged O'Dwyer's continuance in office. The public holds Moses in high esteem and apparently nobody dares attack his judgment of O'Dwyer. Reid, chairman of the Board of Transportation and a key fiscal adviser, is a defensive braintruster in the campaign. He is one of the editors of the city's "white papers"—called by Morris "whitewash papers."

Originally, it appeared that Morris was seeking election by warming over the LaGuardia record, and it looked like weak tactics. But when O'Dwyer started campaigning, he himself made it appear that he was running against LaGuardia, for he concentrated on the lack of accomplishment during the war years when shortages of materials and labor caused practical suspension of all public works.

It is difficult to show that there is a Democratic-New Deal way of running the city of New York, as opposed to a Republican way. This has become a city of such vast social, as well as economic, problems and pressures that an illiberal Mayor who tried to rule it with a mailed fist and a dollars-over-souls philosophy would soon find himself in hot water. There is nothing to show that O'Dwyer has put more heart and humanity into his job than the LaGuardia-Morris regime did.

Of course, there *is* another way of running the city the way advocated by Representative Vito Marcantonio American Labor Party candidate for Mayor, who says he is the real heir to the LaGuardia mantle. He would scrap the dime subway fare (instituted by O'Dwyer and supported by Morris), returning to the nickel rate; boost relief allowances; make things tougher generally for landlords; expand all public-school, hospital and health services to the limit of the city's borrowing capacity; and put the expense load for all this on real estate. That this program might shortly find the city financially overboard and in default on its obligations does not bother the ALP.

Morris is pretty much out in the cold in so far as the official support of organized labor is concerned. Whereas LaGuardia, co-sponsor of the Norris-LaGuardia Anti-Injunction Act, was one of labor's darlings, O'Dwyer has won the pledged backing of city AFL and CIO unions in repayment for his vigorous denunciation of the Taft-Hartley Act. Marcantonio has the left-wing unions' backing. The Liberal Party and its principal component, the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, comprise the bulk of Morris' labor strength.

Governor Dewey's attitude toward the city election appears to be neutral. He and the Mayor have never had a serious, public rhubarb since O'Dwyer took office. Not even during the 1946 Gubernatorial election or the 1948 Presidential race did O'Dwyer sink the harpoon into Dewey. The Governor, on his part, discouraged efforts of city Republicans to launch what would admittedly have been a politically inspired investigation of the city.

If O'Dwyer wins on November 8, as seems likely, he becomes a prospective candidate for Governor next year. The greater his plurality, the greater his prospect of being nominated, despite the fact that some of the old-line Democratic leaders upstate don't like him. They lack candidates who can attract the support necessary to rate an even break with Dewey, who is believed to be ready to run again.

Dewey's position has grown stronger as the result of the wedge driven between the Democrats and the ALP by the Communist issue and the bitterness between Democrats and Liberals engendered by the current campaign. There is no likelihood whatever of the Democrats repeating in 1950 their 1946 deal with the ALP on state candidates. If the Democrats carry their resentment toward the splinter parties to the extent of refusing to negotiate with the Liberals next year, thus forcing this right-wing labor party to go it alone for Governor, Dewey will be happy indeed.

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A POLICY FOR FULL EMPLOYMENT

by Leon H. Keyserling

IN THE EMPLOYMENT ACT of 1946, the people of the United States pledged themselves to the objective of maintaining "maximum" employment, which for all practical purposes is the same as "full" employment. The Act was in essence much stronger than the original "Full Employment Bill." For while that bill concentrated mainly upon using one device (compensatory public spending), the final law provided that *all* the resources and policies available to a free people should be utilized in combination to promote "maximum employment, production, and purchasing power."

Today, when we are substantially short of a condition of full employment, it is more important to regain that condition than to dispose of all the tendentious arguments that stand in the way. But it is essential to dispose of the proposition advanced in some quarters that full employment is undesirable because it is "inflationary." The undesirable element in the inflationary prosperity of 1947-48 was not that employment and production were at very high levels; that was all to the good, as witness those who said that the cure for inflation was "still more production." The dangerous element was rather that a commendably high level of business activity, employment and production did not generate the kind of price-income and other economic relationships required to maintain these levels and lift them still higher from year to year with a growing labor force and improved industrial techniques.

Consequently, the full-employment period has been succeeded by a recession thus far of quite moderate proportions, but initiated, clearly, by an insufficiency of consumer demand relative to output at full employment. This has been coupled with some uncertainty in the business-investment outlook, primarily in response to a perception of insufficient demand. We are still vulnerable to the business cycle; and saying that full employment is "inflationary" is merely another way of noting a recent demonstration that American prosperity periods have had a way of generating their own undoing.

We should all admit that to achieve fairly continuous full employment we shall need much more knowledge, experience, effort and coöperation than we have thus far marshaled. But I believe that in setting so high a goal and striving to reach it, our analysis will be clearer, our policies sounder and our achievements greater than if we set our sights lower—even though we might fall somewhat short of the mark.

Besides, no lower goal is any safer or easier to attain. It is not really true that a downward "correction" every now and then leaves our economy in a healthier state, or that the valleys will not be so deep if the peaks are not so high, or that an economy with four million unemployed is "safer" or more "sustainable" than a full economy. For example, during the last year unemployment has increased by about 1.5 million and the industrial-production index has declined by about 10 percent. Has this downward "correction" made our economic problems less difficult? Has it become easier to manage the huge national debt, to achieve a budget surplus or to apply correct tax policies? Easier to execute our international programs? Will it be easier now to stimulate a high enough level of business investment and to avoid the undue "pessimism" which could exercise an unfavorable "psychological" influence, than it would have been a year ago to dampen the excessive ebullience? Is it going to be easier to reach a sound wage conclusion in the steel industry, or in other industries, than it would have been to reach sound price or wage adjustments a year or two ago? Have we any greater assurance now than a year ago that the current situation will generate patterns of investment, saving and spending, of prices and profits and wages and other incomes, which will carry production and employment further upward instead of downward?

If we recover from the recent setback without too much damage—which I expect we probably shall—it will not be because the setback proved to be a desirable and unavoidable corrective, any more than a man gets influenza because it is inevitable or recovers because the disease produces the cure. Complete recovery, if it comes quickly, will be because the scare has prompted us to make careful price-income adjustments where we were previously neglectful, or because our economic system is already braced with a variety of measures which make full employment harder to lose and easier to regain than in previous eras. Examples are farm-price supports, social-security cushions, improved banking and financial practices, sounder pricing and inventory policies on the part of business, and a wage structure less vulnerable to deflation. We are strong because of the portions of a full-employment

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program that we have already adopted, and not as strong as we should be because of the portions that we have thus far neglected to adopt.

We should not confuse the classical rationalization of *why* business recessions or depressions occur with the notion that they are helpful or unavoidable. If the current "process of adjustment" restores higher levels of employment and production even *without* price inflation, we shall still not be in a zone of safety. Prices were practically stable during the prosperity period of 1927-29, but that did not prevent what followed. *It is an axiom from experience that any level of business activity high enough to be called "prosperity" generates in the absence of an affirmative program the conditions which defeat stability.* And a return to reasonably full employment even if without inflationary price trends would face us again with the problem of its maintenance, perhaps in even more acute form than in the 1947-48 period. War-created supports for the economy are still massive, and it is when these begin to dwindle that we shall be confronted with a far greater problem than that of 1949.

In a democracy, we can make progress only by broadening the areas of general agreement; toward this end I suggest the following major elements in a full-employment policy.

First, the problem of maintaining full employment is neither insoluble nor beyond our organizational skills. Technically, our economic achievements in wartime were far more difficult. Those who say, "Oh, yes, but in wartime we did things that the people would not accept in peacetime," miss the point that a peacetime full-employment program, if undertaken before it is too late, would involve much more moderate measures. They also miss the equally important point that the most powerful democratic symbol of man's hope in the twentieth century—the United States—cannot afford to concede that under our institutions nothing but war can produce unity and purpose.

Second, while "forecasting" is useful, we have overdone attempting to forecast when or how a recession or a depression was coming, when and how much unemployment would increase, when and how much businessmen would start to cut down their investments. Instead, we should concentrate more attention upon what we *want* to have happen and utilize our resources toward that end.

Third, a full-employment program should look a few years ahead. True, emergency action has been inevitable when we have waited until crisis was upon us. But the economic situation now is comfortable enough to permit us to forge and apply longer-range policies. A family or business looks years ahead; the progress of a great nation is measured not in months but in decades.

Fourth, a full-employment program should be rounded, embracing a wide variety of measures in skillful combination. We should reject those panacea schools which, in accord with changing fashion, tell us at one time that the whole task can be accomplished through wage-price policy, at another time that the whole task can be accomplished through compensatory fiscal policy, and at still another time that the whole solution is to expand our foreign markets to help absorb our domestic "overproduction."

Fifth, we should recognize that price-wage-profit policy in the private and voluntary sectors of the economy is of basic importance, because it most powerfully conditions the levels and trends of both production and consumption. We are moving, whether we like it or not, toward "patterns" of action in prices and wages. No field of action is more essential than the exploration of conference techniques whereby industry, labor, agriculture and government can together examine problems of prices and wages. This, of course, does not negate the need for minimum-wage legislation and other supplementary programs affecting the income structure.

Sixth, while general tax policy can be varied to "compensate" for minor ups and downs in private business activity, any effort to promote a stable and expanding economy through tax policy alone—on the ground that it is "simple"—would be only a grandiose illusion. We should aim toward a reasonably stable tax policy based upon careful analysis of its impact upon the investment and consumption patterns required for full employment while providing a surplus for debt retirement.

Seventh, we should guard against overemphasizing the idea that compensatory public spending can itself stabilize the economy, even if used on a grand scale. This device can achieve considerable stabilizing effect, and it should be used where needed. But the expansion of public spending in a serious depression, while necessary, could not alone restore full employment even if it were so extensive as to include projects of secondary long-range utility. Conversely, too severe limitation of public spending in times of full employment sacrifices national objectives which we should not forgo merely because we are prosperous. More atten-

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tion should be focused upon the relative utility of various types of public investment in stabilizing and encouraging private expansion. Moreover, the magnitudes of our resources development, educational and health activities, social security, etc., should be determined increasingly by the amounts that a stable and expanding economy can afford.

Eighth, neither private price-wage policy nor public policy can achieve maximum effectiveness unless set in the context of at least a few general goals for the economy at large. The surest way to evaluate price-profit policy, wage policy and government policy is by measuring each specific in terms of the investment and consumption requirements and the social desiderata relevant to a full economy. To give meaning and direction to President Truman's goal of a $300 billion economy within a very few years, it is necessary to contemplate these specific objectives:

First, the end objective of our economy is to improve standards of living and to spread these improvements more widely over the whole population. As one aspect of the goal of a $300 billion economy, we should inquire what minimum standard of living this implies for the industrious American family.

Second, we need to examine further what agricultural output, in the context of a $300 billion economy, will maintain and increase farm income, and furnish enough farm products both for industrial needs and for an adequate national diet.

Third, we need to appraise the capital requirements and incentives for the amount of expansion in our basic industries, and in our transportation systems, that will support and nourish a $300 billion economy.

Fourth, we need further to integrate our foreign economic policy with our domestic economic policy so that each complements the other at expanding levels of output and income.

The underscoring of these basic elements in the effort to achieve a $300 billion economy should not be misinterpreted to imply vast new efforts in central planning or direction from the top. We have long been wrestling with these problems (and others) in isolation. But better perception of the relationship of each of them to the general purpose of a steadily expanding economy will bring to our farm policy, our fiscal policy, our wage-price policy—to mention a few of many—a keener perception of their significance and a better judgment of their consequences. Such unified consideration of our fundamental situation will give all of us a better understanding of our common aims and special group problems.

The challenge we now face is less how to avert a depression than how affirmatively to advance prosperity. This poses a great moral test, because it is not so difficult to act in the face of a disaster as it is to reach out for higher goals when the going is not particularly bad. Yet the latter obligation is forced upon us by the imperatives of the world situation and by the needs and desires of our own people. We can afford to do no less than our best, and if we do our best the next decade can witness the virtual liquidation of the "economic problem" in America, and the turning of more of our energies to those attributes of civilization for which material sufficiency is only the foundation.

HAROLD L. ICKES: *A New Low in Indian Legislation*

PRESIDENT TRUMAN has been besought by many reputable newspapers, such as the Washington *Post*, the New York *Herald Tribune* and the New York *Times*, to veto what has been sardonically referred to as the Navajo-Hopi "Rehabilitation Bill," S-1407. Whatever his action, the American public should be made aware of the disreputable machinations, involving both Congress and certain administrative officers, that have been employed in advancing this bill. The "rehabilitation" offered by the bill is "rehabilitation" at the point of a death-dealing stiletto.

It is difficult to believe, but this bill was drafted in the office of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs with the knowledge and consent of the absentee incumbent of that office, John Nichols of New Mexico, who, by an interesting sleight of hand, was pulled out of the hat of Senator Anderson, also of New Mexico. Nichols still favors the bill, while Senator Anderson has always shown a very curious sense of justice for the Indians of his state.

Anderson has important business interests in New Mexico. If he were a more sensitive man, he would have fought some of the bills which have been aimed at the Indians by the 81st Congress. Of course, Secretary Krug, who usually aids and abets, when he does not organize, raids against his wards, the Indians, gave the bill his blessing, whereupon both he and Nichols resumed their temporarily interrupted extensive travels.

The pretended purpose of S-1407 is to *authorize* in loud tones the expenditure of $88 million over a 10-year period for the rehabilitation of the Navajo and Hopi Indians, the former the largest tribe in the United

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States. The unpalatable joke is that all of this money has already been authorized. The bill does not even pretend to appropriate so much as an additional Indian-head nickel. A year or two ago, there was a widespread public protest against the miserable living conditions of these Indians. Krug's Interior Department was justly under fire for its wanton neglect of them. So a deliberate attempt was made by Interior to place the blame on Congress, where a good deal of it justly belonged.

When Interior's odoriferous bill reached Congress some received it with open arms, while others held their nostrils tightly. Its passage would serve to whitewash that body for its repeated refusal to make reasonable appropriations for the Indians. It also gave an opportunity for the legislative skulduggery of Representative Fernandez, another exhibit from the state of New Mexico. He insisted that Krug and Nichols, the traveling twins, could have their phony authorization, but at the price of an amendment known as Section Nine. The effect of this would be to subject the Navajos and Hopis to the jurisdiction of state laws and courts that have always discriminated against them as inferior and undesirable races. At this point, as little as one candlepower of courage on the part of Messrs. Krug, *et al.*, would have caused this fraudulent bill to boomerang into the very teeth of Fernandez and Anderson, and their circuit-riding puppet, Commissioner Nichols. But Interior was supine, as it so often is. It may have been that Krug was on one of his innumerable pleasure-seeking jaunts.

When the bill went to conference, the conferees, having doubtless reminded themselves that white people have always stolen abundantly from the Indians, tacked on another little amendment as the result of which the states of Arizona, New Mexico and Utah would save some $4 million a year on the social-security benefits of their Indians. This would be accomplished by the simple device of raiding the federal Treasury for alms, not for the Indians, but for the states, in the total noted. Thus every taxpaying reader of this article would have the privilege of contributing his share to Arizona, for instance, which is so prosperous that it has abolished all direct state taxes. The depressing fact is that Senators of the decency and stature of Hayden of Arizona and O'Mahoney of Wyoming failed even to protest this raid upon the Treasury, and this rape upon the Indians.

By placing these Indians under state jurisdiction, the United States would again be repudiating its solemn treaty obligations to them. It would scuttle the policy adopted during the Roosevelt Administration to give the Indians the largest possible measure of self-government. Moreover, Section Nine would be availed of to deprive Indians of their property rights. It is shocking that Senator Anderson's puppet Commissioner, Nichols, should not have had the manhood to resign in indignant protest at this iniquitous and burglarious bill. Instead, he departed for Alaska, installing as Acting Commissioner John H. Provinse, another political DP, whose solicitude for the Indian wards of the government is the solicitude of a retriever for a dead duck which it dutifully lays at the feet of its white master.

Nor is this all of the story of deceit, treachery, despoliation and dereliction of duty on the part of faithless public officials. Those mentioned are no mere "five-percent" pikers. They are the "whole hog or none" variety, whether it be Krug with his curiously acquired textile mill in Tennessee, or Senator Anderson with his land possessions and water rights in New Mexico. Also consider the case of Norman M. Littell, at one time an Assistant Attorney General, and now, by grace of Secretary Krug, an attorney employed and paid by the Navajo tribe to defend their interests. It is understood that Littell has approved this mortal blow at the economic and social welfare of his clients.

Perhaps the least creditable part of the story is that, apparently, every member of either House of Congress was suffering from painful foot trouble. At any rate, none rose to his feet to protest this infamous bill, although it was subject to a simple point of order which one person, acting alone, could raise. That this bill was conceived in iniquity and born in cowardice is evidenced by the fact that the conferees plotted this rape a full month before its accomplishment, but with felonious forethought kept their purpose so secret that they were able to slip it through Congress suddenly and almost without notice.

When the notorious Albert B. Fall, also from New Mexico, was Secretary of the Interior, he tried, with the aid of the late Senator Bursum from the same state, to pass a bill that would despoil the Indians, as Anderson and Fernandez have more recently attempted to do. Fall was forced by indignant public opinion to drop the Bursum bill as a too-hot potato. Secretary Krug, Senator Anderson and Representative Fernandez apparently have hands of asbestos. Nichols has only fumbling thumbs. Surely, President Truman must know his Krug. On other occasions he has had to rap sharply the knuckles of his Secretary of the Interior, when that gentleman was willing to serve, to order, Indian property and rights to greedy whites. This time, President Truman has had presented to him a bill that is as cruel and infamous as has ever been conceived by a ruthless and predatory mind.

HAROLD L. ICKES

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

"A BLIND AND MOST BLOODY RAGE"

by James R. Newman

CLEARLY IT IS MORE than coincidence that *The Devil in Massachusetts* and *The Sure Thing* should appear at the same time. Marion Starkey reconstructs events that occurred in Salem Village in 1692; Merle Miller writes a novel about events that occurred in Washington in 1946. But differences of time and place are minor compared with the essential identity of theme; and Miller so fully avails himself of contemporary Washington happenings that his novel has the authenticity of history. The common subject is witch hunting: the irrationality that besets men's minds, the follies to which they are driven when they are afraid. One comes upon these two interludes of social hysteria prepared to find obvious similarities: their epidemic quality, the kind of evidence against accused persons to which credence is given, the incalculable injury inflicted on the life of the entire community by even a limited indulgence in persecution. What is depressing is not only that the belief in witchcraft persists, but that the Devil does a better business on the Potomac in the twentieth century than on the Bay in the seventeenth. What is alarming is that the present-day hunt for "imaginary and scarecrow sins at home"—as Milton characterized superstition—continues, and that there is no sign of the recantation and repentance which, coming soon after the Salem sickness, at least partially redeemed the men and women—judges, juries and townspeople—who had succumbed to it.

THE DEVIL IN MASSACHUSETTS, by Marion L. Starkey (Alfred A. Knopf; $3.50).
THE SURE THING, by Merle Miller (William Sloane Associates; $3).

Miss Starkey tells a good tale. There is no lack of books on the Salem trials, as may be seen from her bibliography. She has, however, carefully reëxamined the sources and has had access to an immense typescript prepared by the WPA from court records scattered throughout Massachusetts and from material in private collections. With the help of these data she has freshened a familiar but enduringly dramatic story. By quoting directly from judicial proceedings she has recreated scenes which might otherwise remain unreal—as unreal as the "loyalty" purges must seem to anyone unfamiliar with their Washington setting.

As did Kittredge in his *Witchcraft in Old and New England*, Miss Starkey describes the Salem delusions with sympathy. This is as it should be, and not alone in the sense that our age is in no position to regard bigotry and mass paranoia as extinct afflictions. Her psychological analysis, to be sure, is pretty thin, and she does not cover herself by explaining that her psychiatric interpretation is "implicit in the course of the narrative rather than a thing by itself." She succeeds, on the other hand, in making the New England persecutions understandable without laying undue blame to the peculiarities of Puritan theology.

The agony began with the fantasies, obsessions and seizures of two little girls, daughters of the Reverend Samuel Parris, and did not end until twenty men and women had been executed for witchcraft: hanged from the limbs of an oak on Gallows Hill, or, as in the case of Giles Cory, pressed to death (at the age of 80) by having stones placed on his chest, the *peine forte et dure* meted out to those who when accused "stood mute" and refused formally to face trial. The victims included a "decent grandmother grown too hard of hearing to understand a crucial question from the jurors, a rakish, pipe-smoking female tramp, a plain farmer who thought only to save his wife from molestation, a lame old man whose toothless gums did not deny expression to a very salty vocabulary." There was also the unfortunate Bridget Bishop who wore a red "paragon" bodice and whose offense was to climb into bed with honest married men—but only in their dreams, which was her real offense.

A wonderful and a pitiful chapter this is in the annals of fear and mass hallucination, and on some of its features we can reflect with profit. The antics of the Salem girls were "less remarkable than the way the community received them. It was the community—extended in time to include the whole Bay Colony—that would in the end suffer the most devastating attack of possession, and not only the ignorant, but its best minds." Salem Village adhered to the legal and scientific theory that defined a witch as any person cried out upon, that is to say anyone whom anyone else denounced as a witch. That the theory survives is not surprising in view of its elegant simplicity. Once cried out upon, there was little the accused could do in his own defense. For one thing, since it was assumed that the Devil could not "assume the shape" of an innocent person, it followed that anyone accused of wizardry, provided only the accuser howled and writhed sufficiently during the crying out, was probably guilty of *something*. This interesting principle also survives.

Moreover, there was the admission of "spectral evidence." The accuser would say, "Your shape came to my room last midnight"; or "You caused my cow to die," or, "My child died when you wished evil upon her." Such invisible evidence, since it might be found anywhere, was of course the best. The "proof" was the accusation. "I scorn it," said Goody Good, an-

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swering the charge that she was "agile on a broom." Having been accused, she was hanged. Nor did it help Martha Cory to cry, "You can't prove me a witch." They couldn't, but they hanged her none the less. In a community hungering for scapegoats, the innocent—as we are daily reminded—must prove their innocence.

One of the more elusive villains was the "tall man from Boston" who, as some of the girls complained, "afflicted" them. He was difficult to identify, the girls never having been to Boston, but the enthusiasm with which this hypothetical warlock was hunted down would have done credit to the Un-American Activities Committee in its hunt for "Scientist X" or the unlikely "Arthur Alexandrovitch Adams." Respectability, it should be noted, was no protection against charges. Persons who had led long, outwardly blameless lives were indeed more likely to be seduced, taken as tools and fellow travelers by "Ye ould boy." As the Reverend Deodat Lawson warned, Satan "never works more like the Prince of Darkness than when he looks most like an angel of light." It is true that when the wife of the Colonial Governor Sir William Phips was cried out upon, it was felt the business was getting out of hand. But this skepticism—which led to the final return to health—emanated from Boston, from the "coffee house witlings" who were inclined to look down their noses at provincials. A "Bigotted Zeal stirring up a Blind and most Bloody Rage" was the phrase used by Robert Calef, a Boston merchant, to describe the events of Salem. But few such Sadducees were to be found in the smaller towns.

Cotton Mather was much tormented. A man of high intellect, he lent himself, nevertheless, to the support and spread of the outrages. In the case of Bridget Bishop he remarked, "There was little occasion to prove the witchcraft, this being evident and notorious to all beholders." When one of the accused, the Reverend George Burroughs, stood on the scaffold reciting the Lord's Prayer, the twig of conscience prodded the spectators and for a moment it looked as if they might rescue him from the sheriff. "A young man dressed all in black swung upon his horse, stood high in his stirrups and addressed the crowd," reminding them of Lawson's warning. The remembrancer was Cotton Mather, and the execution proceeded. Yet he had his doubts. To Judge John Richards he wrote "unofficially," warning against spectral evidence and the uncritical acceptance of such confessions as might come from a "delirious brain or discontented heart."

Earlier, on June 15, 1692, a conference of twelve ministers of the Boston district, Samuel Willard and Increase Mather among them, with Cotton its amanuensis, had met to put on record their views on how trials for witchcraft should be conducted. The judges themselves had had moments of uneasiness and had asked for guidance. "A very critical and exquisite caution" was advised in the trials "lest by too much credulity of things received only upon the devil's authority there be a door opened for a long train of miserable consequences." Little attention was paid, however, to the advice of the ministers, and the court under its presiding justice, the upright, fanatical William Stoughton, having paused momentarily for counsel, continued with its stern, mad logic to purge the colony of those considered, as Miss Starkey says, to be like enemy aliens.

A word should be devoted to the informers: that unhappy group of psychotic maidens. At the end they all came to repentance, or worse. During their brief glory they had known attention and admiration beyond a paranoid's dreams and had wielded the delicious power of destroying anyone on whom their malicious fancy might light. In her own person each was safe enough, the theory being that accusers could not be accused. Some were of course mad beyond repair. Others, like Mary Rule, who liked being "stroked across the face and naked belly by the Mathers, father and son"—as part of her redemption—were not so mad. Several, being beyond prayer, took in fact to the profession which had been attributed to Bridget Bishop in fantasy. But not one entered a convent or took up teaching in an institution of higher learning.

It was Dr. Johnson, as Kittredge points out in examining the older witchcraft, who remarked that men usually need not so much to be informed as to be reminded. Miss Starkey's essay is a reminder, and a powerful one, of former evils, now returned.

The Sure Thing is a novel of indignation. It is the tragic story of a decent man hunted down and destroyed by punks and fools, a victim less of wickedness than of the delirium that grips the Capital—but not the Capital alone.

As a novel it has certain obvious defects. The author's honesty produces an indecisive plot, and the narrative device of innumerable flashbacks is often awkward and disconcerting. Miller has, it seems to me, straddled the crucial social problem by making his hero a quondam Communist. What has disgraced our government and horrified those who respect our traditions is that men and women have been ruined because of their opinions and "sympathetic associations" rather than because of present or former membership in the Communist Party.

It is an effective book, nevertheless. Miller writes with sympathy, with intelligence and often with brilliant insight. He succeeds admirably in catching the loneliness and nostalgia of Washington; its uneasy conscience; its strange emptiness and bewilderment; above all, the stink of fear that lies in its government offices, its buses, restaurants, homes—wherever government employees meet and talk, and talking, may be overheard.

Brad Douglas, a young State Department economist, is the hero and witch. Immediately after Munich, and then only for a few months, he had been a member of the Communist Party. For this crime, he must be burned. The FBI is on his trail; another hunter is Ed Jensen, Representative from Nebraska. Jensen, a member

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of the House Un-American Activities Committee, has known and suspected Douglas for years; now, with a Senate seat in view, Jensen is bent on headlines.

It happens that he knows nothing of Douglas' secret, but there is abundant evidence which, if not spectral, is at least as persuasive to inflamed imaginations and as impossible to refute by the logic of jurisprudence as the midnight hallucinations of the Salem witnesses. Douglas had criticized American occupation policies in Germany; Douglas, while at college, had spoken against isolationists; Douglas had supported a strike; Douglas had married a New York Jewess. Clearly Douglas is disloyal; in fact, Jensen says, exposing this subvert is probably the "biggest thing since the Canadian Spy Trials"—a tableau which the Un-American Activities Committee and its supporters of press, police and politics have so long tried to restage.

What follows—all in the space of 36 hours—is what you would expect to follow if you have lived in Washington or observed its convulsions during the last few years. Departmental security officers springing to action; big officials summoning little officials and little officials littler ones; interrogations by the FBI; wind torrents on Capitol Hill; shrieks from the yellow press and equally damning, if less malicious, statements in respectable papers; the frightened commiseration of a few friends: the swift melting away of the remainder; and the foregone conclusion; dismissal ("in the interests of the United States") and disgrace.

The witches of Salem Village were hanged. Our way with dissenters is different but not necessarily better. The victim of public obloquy and the infamies of the press, deprived of the opportunity to disprove charges against him by confronting his accusers, denied the presumption of innocence until proved guilty and the safeguard which permits punishment only for violations of law, and thwarted in his efforts to live unmolested and to work, might think himself—as a few men already have—better off in a shroud. For with these rights withheld he is by every criterion an outlaw, nor is there any reason why he should not thenceforth behave like an outlaw. I know of no better way to make a convert to Communism than by destroying the rights of a person who is not a Communist on the ground that he is one. Nothing that occurred in Massachusetts in 1692, except for the actual application of the rope to the neck and the *peine forte et dure,* is lacking in the purges of Washington. Twentieth-century society has forgotten none of the techniques of inhumanity; it has merely added new ones.

Young Melville Dickinson, FBI agent No. 1896, who runs Douglas to earth, is in a sense the embodiment of that contribution. As correct as the pince-nez on Himmler's nose, Dickinson, with his sense of inadequacy and guilt, his sadistic pleasure in his work, his respect for and dislike of intellectuals, union leaders, liberals, Jews, is a familiar breed. It is an old story in Russia and Germany but a comparatively new one in the United States.

When the police, which should be an instrument of law and not of policy—much less of politics—broadens its activities from the apprehension of ordinary criminals, which is disagreeable and dangerous, to the detection of heresy, which is safe and easy, it becomes almost at once a magnet for the malcontents, the resentful, the envious, the spiteful, the frustrated, the mediocre, the *klein Bürger,* the respectable dreamers of terrible dreams. Dickinson was one of these. To use an old philosophical term, the "final cause" of the state police is to provide employment for such men, as the final cause of the swamp is to breed mosquitoes.

In 1697, the Reverend John Hale of Beverly, a witness against Bridget Bishop, published his recantation. "We walked in clouds," he wrote, "and could not see our way. And we have most cause to be humbled for error . . . which cannot be retrieved." Even during the trials he had had his misgivings—about spectral evidence, the malice and glibness of the accusers, the refusal of the witches to repent before going to their death, the fact that the jail delivery finally ordered by Governor Phips did not, as many had warned, lead to chaos. While he could not entirely condemn the judges, he explained that it was "the darkness of that day, the tortures and the lamentation of the afflicted and the power of former precedents" that misled them. "We have much forgotten," said Hale, "what our fathers came in the wilderness to see." After a year of madness, Salem Village recalled the vision; the stupidity and folly of our own day have not yet been so relieved.

BRIEF COMMENT

Benjamin Constant, by Harold Nicolson (Doubleday; $4).

This is a gossipy memoir in a comfortably traditional vein. A soft spot in the middle of it is Constant himself; the inconsequence of his character and career seems to prevent any substantial portrait or consecutive narrative. We know he was "important" as a writer and publicist, but we aren't sure why. Perhaps that is because Nicolson is (admittedly) peremptory about the political and social life of post-revolutionary France. He has chosen rather to construct his book on the framework of Constant's amatory career: each mistress is an episode and each episode a scandal. This fabulous caravan of women fills the book: Mme. de Charrière, Mme. Récamier, and particularly Mme. de Staël, perfectly suit the author's taste and talent for the grandly eccentric.

All these people were indefatigable letter writers and diarists; the best passages in the book are quotations. Constant, for example, writes that, as a mistress, Mme. de Staël "is like an old attorney, her hair entwined with serpents, who in alexandrine verses insists upon the execution of a contract."

The Commonweal Reader. Edited by Edward S. Skillin (Harper; $3.50).

When it was founded twenty-five years ago, the *Commonweal* defined itself editorially as "definitely Christian"—its social purpose as "personalist," that is, "to express the priority of human beings over property and institutions." Founded and edited by Catho-

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lic laymen, its contributors have been mostly (but not exclusively) Catholics —largely non-clerical. It has been distinguished, among periodicals professing the same creed, for its consistently intelligent and mature interpretation of ideas and affairs.

The present volume, celebrating the *Commonweal*'s silver anniversary, fails to do it justice. Among the contributors are the impressive "names"—Victor White, Franz Werfel, Jacques Maritain, W. H. Auden, Georges Bernanos, Robert Lowell, to mention a few. While the contents are uneven, the balance is on the flattering side. The (perhaps inevitable) flaw is that "more passing issues" which concerned the paper have been consigned to oblivion. And it is for its record on precisely those issues, rather than for the "literary" pieces reprinted here, that the *Commonweal* has enjoyed and deserved a high reputation among American weeklies.

The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner, by James Hogg. Introduction by André Gide (Chanticleer Press; $2.75).

For some mysterious reason, this little book escaped the reputation it deserves as one of the first horror stories in the language, and survives (since its publication in 1824) only as a curiosity of literature.

Robert Wringhim, secure in a belief of his predestined salvation, conceives a commission "to cut off the enemies of the Lord from the face of the earth." The consequent grisly story is more than a record of atrocities; it is a subtle analysis of pride, corrupted by righteousness to diabolical crime. The real terror derives from the first-person narrative; in the exalted jargon of religious fanaticism, Robert relates the unspeakable, convinced, with a kind of macabre pathos, that if he wallows through blood, it is as the Lord's anointed.

The Witness, by Jean Bloch-Michel (Pantheon Books; $2.50).

The narrator of this short novel—written as a confession—is a young Frenchman who lives under the memory of two failures. As a young man, he saw his brother drown, and years later he saw his wife taken off by the Gestapo. There was nothing he could have done on either occasion; his failures were failures of love. At the moment of crisis, his first thought was for himself; his instinct was to keep out of it; he was "afraid of the dangers involved in love and friendship." His witnesses are those two who saw, in a last moment of insight, his emotional sterility. At the end of his confession (which is his developing self-analysis) "the last and most implacable witness, one which I must destroy today, is myself."

Under the Sun of Satan, by Georges Bernanos (Pantheon Books; $3).

Georges Bernanos' early novel was first published here as *The Star of Satan.* Its three protagonists—a saintly priest based on the nineteenth-century Curé d'Ars, a vicious young peasant girl, and a famous academician patterned after Anatole France—represent the states of soul and mind Bernanos here analyzes: sanctity, sensuality and secularism. The novel is issued now in a new translation by Harry Lorin Binsse.

J. F.

THEATRE: Without Words

WHEN ONE repeatedly affirms, as I have, that words are not the essence of theatre, many readers suppose that the critic is indulging in a paradox to make a point. The past weeks' events have served to prove the point. The best words were to be heard in "Twelfth Night" but the best theatre was to be seen at "Les Ballets de Paris." In between there was a thoroughly pleasant trifle from London—"Yes, M'Lord"—with words so inconsiderable that one could barely remember them ten minutes after they were spoken.

There are people who feel that Shakespeare need only be said intelligibly to provide high pleasure. That may be, but the pleasure is not theatre. If one would leave all to the imagination, as some pedants believe was the case in Shakespeare's playhouse, why do we have to have actors in makeup and costume?

In the current "Twelfth Night" the words are clearly spoken and the actors are agreeable, but all else is lacking. "Twelfth Night" cannot live on the stage today, except as a prettily worded charade, unless a fresh and gay impulse is brought to bear on it. There must be a joyous elation about it, invention and verve—in a word, creation. The director must envision the play as if it were being done for the first time in a spirit of jubilant discovery. To present the text of "Twelfth Night" unadorned is to make it pedestrian and thus to destroy it. All I got from the present production was a strong suspicion that Shakespeare was bisexual.

"Yes, M'Lord," by W. Douglas Home, is gentle nonsense apropos of the British election of 1945. This doesn't mean that the play is unintelligent, but simply that Home's "point"—the true English aristocrat doesn't trouble himself over party politics, knowing full well that England under almost any government goes on being the same—is not to be taken seriously. The author merely wants to have a little fun with topical themes.

What makes the play an amiable evening is its lack of strain, its willingness to be brightly yet modestly trivial, and, above all, its old-fashioned and admirably sound acting. A. E. Matthews' maundering lord is a gem in the lightest vein of English caricature, while George Curzon's Tory butler is a color sketch in which the grand manner is put to the uses of a comic "realism." Both these performances make it clear that what we are seeing is to be enjoyed only as make-believe, yet close enough to truth to be part of our appreciation of the amusingly meaningful in life. The source of the robust professionalism demonstrated here by Matthews and Curzon comes from a dignity actors acquire when they are sure, not only of their craft, but of their place in the community.

I find many people anxious to play safe with "Les Ballets de Paris" either by declaring that the show's sexiness will put it over or by asserting, a little belligerently, that the numbers on the program are more Folies

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Bergères than true ballet. "Les Ballets de Paris" is above all *theatre*, and to ask oneself whether it ought to be regarded seriously in this or that sanctified category is like refusing to woo a beautiful girl until one has determined whether or not she is "a real person." I should like to remind those who refer rather gingerly to these ballets' "obvious" attractions that sex is nothing to be sneezed at.

The first number, "Le Rendez-vous," struck me as a little amateurish in Parisian fashion ("tragedy of the streets"—Apache style); "Le Combat" is slightly pretentious with a few good moments; "L'Oeuf à la Coque" is music-hall and perhaps vulgar, but spiced with a roguish bonhomie that makes it as nice to take as an apéritif. "Carmen," not entirely without some of all these defects, is nevertheless a masterpiece.

The French, from Villon to the present, have always had a taste for an art which finds something profoundly bewitching and stirring in the raffish side of life. That is why there are so many bistros, bars, brothels, bullfights, pickpockets, cutthroats, dives and *dancings* in French literature and painting. Roland Petit's "Carmen" is a brilliant summation of the conventional elements of Mérimée's tale and Bizet's opera, in which the tawdry of the environment and something cruelly formalistic in the Spanish manner are combined to make a popular but incisive tragedy of sex in which the wretchedness of brute desire is somehow exalted without being exactly glamorized.

Antoine Clave's sets are a triumph of theatrical artistry. "Carmen" would be worth seeing if it contained nothing else. But it also offers Renée Jeanmaire, a pallid, flat-chested, poisonously nervous Carmen, whose allure exceeds not only the bosomy blandishments of all the operatic vixens I have seen, but that of the combined oomph-girls of Hollywood infamy. Roland Petit makes love on the stage as if he meant it—a pain that is worth its price—and his staging is full of brilliant dramatic details that deserve a separate essay. HAROLD CLURMAN

MUSIC: Richard Strauss

RICHARD STRAUSS was 85 years old when he died in Bavaria last month. He was only 52 when he composed his last work of generally uncontested value, the revised version of the opera, "Ariadne auf Naxos." He continued to write music almost uninterruptedly throughout the last 33 years of his life, but although occasionally some work—for example, "Arabella" or "Capriccio"—echoed agreeably the blithe style of "Der Rosenkavalier," he was never again able to produce a masterpiece.

An extraordinarily facile and adroit craftsman, Strauss brought to quick fruition the adventurous musical and theatrical ideas that won him a world reputation while he was still in his twenties. When he had used these ideas up, he was never able to replace them with others of equally arresting power. Most younger musicians, finding that what he wrote after the First World War provided no stimulus to the forward movement of the art of music, turned against the composer an earlier generation had idolized. For the disciples of Stravinsky and Schönberg, Strauss became the symbol of rotting Romanticism.

But the public, notoriously cool to the concerns of progressive contemporary composers, has steadfastly refused to depose Strauss. The attractions of his earlier works appear to be permanent, and the drab pieces of the past 30 years have simply failed to register. Today Strauss's popularity, in the United States at least, is greater than ever. Long before anyone could have known that his death was imminent, operas by him had been chosen to open the fall season of both the Metropolitan ("Der Rosenkavalier") and the New York City Center ("Ariadne auf Naxos"). Dimitri Mitropoulos had announced that a concert version of "Elektra" would be his most ambitious undertaking this season with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony. Ljuba Welitch was (and still is) in tremendous demand for appearances all over the country on the strength of her success in "Salome" last winter. A survey of the national orchestral repertory for 1948-49, undertaken by Robert Sabin in *Musical America*, established that the leading American orchestras played twice as many works by Strauss as by his runner-up among living composers (Prokofiev), and that works by only five dead composers were played more often (Beethoven, Mozart, Brahms, Tchaikovsky and Wagner, in that order).

It is impossible to belittle the talents of an artist who retains so high a place in the affections of the informed public despite the concerted attempts of specialists to dislodge him. The

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music of Tchaikovsky endured a similar campaign of devaluation 20 years ago; it is still with us, and a new generation of musicians has decided, quite properly, to consider him a genius. Probably no other composer of the past 100 years—except perhaps Liszt or Bruckner—is as seriously undervalued in the judgment of the professional as the composer of "Till Eulenspiegel," "Ein Heldenleben" and "Salome."

As an orchestrator, Strauss perfected a virtuoso style which—while wasteful of instruments and neither as clean in workmanship as Ravel's scoring nor as completely original in texture as Mahler's—established a new standard of brilliance and luxuriance. As an experimentalist in the field of program music, he attained a new realism of pictorial description and character delineation; yet he also sought, on the formal side, to realign program music with traditional classic forms (the rondo in "Till Eulenspiegel," the sonata form in "Ein Heldenleben," the theme and variations in "Don Quixote"). In the field of opera, with "Salome" and "Elektra" he showed how the orchestra and the voices could successfully implement a Freudian approach to drama.

These, of course, are the musicologist's defenses of Strauss. The nonprofessional listener does not need them. He does not care whether "Ein Heldenleben" is in sonata form or not. He hears the long, melodic line and the elegiac harmonies of the final pages of the score, and he is deeply moved. He is electrified by the dissonant trumpets in the battle music. He is swept up by the ardor of the love scene, and, for the time being, he does not care that "Tristan" and "Otello" are usually considered to be greater music of the kind.

The best of Strauss's music has the power to speak affectingly to thousands of hearers. Perhaps its sentiments are bourgeois, even commonplace; undoubtedly it often wears its heart on its sleeve. But from its declamatory commonplaces, it can rise to the transport of the closing scenes of "Salome" and "Elektra"; and, in the "Rosenkavalier" trio and duet and the final apotheosis of "Ariadne," its sentimentalities are transfigured into some of the most seraphic music ever written for the human voice. Confronted with such experiences, the public makes its own judgment, and the official disfavor of professional modernists makes no impression at all. CECIL SMITH

MOVIES: The Aftermath

IN A PORTENTOUS introductory quotation from the Apocalypse and in opening scenes of bombing, strafing, fire and annihilation, "It Happened in Europe" sets itself the task of describing the fate of Europe's children under the onslaught and in the aftermath of war. But what the Hungarian producers of the 1946-47 picture have turned out is a fairy tale of the lost babes, with a ruined castle, a fairy godfather and one dear little fellow dying at the end for the sake of his happy playmates.

There are good scenes in "It Happened in Europe," particularly some early ones in which groups of boys and girls flow out of the byroads of a dead countryside into the stream of a new children's crusade heading for no place at all. In the first half of the picture, too, the gang carries out one or two desperate forays in which it destroys and murders with a perverted innocence that is almost unbearably convincing. But once the ruined castle is reached, adults begin to take a large part in the proceedings and the story shies off into Hans Christian Andersen territory.

It would be possible to weave an enchanted and enchanting dream out of the recent adventures of Europe's children; it is the sort of thing that might be done instinctively in an attempt to make the truth endurable.

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But the makers of "It Happened in Europe" did not set forth on fantasy; they resorted to it in mid-passage. Therefore what they provide looks only like an evasion of the story they had promised to tell.

"The Affair Blum," on the other hand, sets itself a task that it accomplishes admirably. This new German (Russian zone) picture, is not a notable example of screen art, or even rousing entertainment. It is static, wordy, didactic, saved dramatically only by some first-rate character acting that brilliantly skirts caricature. But as a translation of recent German history into compelling human terms it is a work of extraordinary integrity and responsibility. If the Germans who made it did so of their own volition (and there is no evidence to the contrary), they, at least, understand something of what happened in their country. If the picture is Russian propaganda, it is propaganda uncommonly difficult to attack. On the face of it, "The Affair Blum" is a lesson in unpalatable history soundly adapted to a popular story form.

"The Affair Blum" is a murder film on the theme of anti-Semitism. It takes place in the mid-twenties, in the early days of Hitler's rise, when a Jew was an object of bitter prejudice but not yet fair game for pranksters, robbers and murderers. Blum, a wealthy businessman, is connected remotely and innocently with a routine murder for profit. A few hours after his association with the murdered man becomes known, he is railroaded into the death cell by bigoted bureaucrats so stirred by the political advantage of catching a Jew red-handed (it is just after the death of Rathenau) that they are incapable of weighing evidence or cross-examining witnesses. That does them too much justice—they want to hang a Jew and they don't much care how they do it. But they must still operate within a semblance of legality. What they are trying to do—what others succeed later in doing—is to fan anti-Semitism to the point where laws can be disregarded entirely. In this instance, they give Blum back his freedom when the facts are forced upon them, but he accepts it with a rueful smile which, for all its historical hindsight, is tremendously effective in the context.

The picture does not explain Hitler, but it shows some of the material he used. Poverty and the creed of innate superiority produce a murder, prejudice supplies a scapegoat, bureaucracy ensures the smooth, relentless consummation of a crime to hide a crime. In the early days the formula did not always work, because there were still people to protest; but even in 1926 it seems that there were not many, and that their indignation was feeble, considering the offense. "The Affair Blum" was made for Germans but, one way and another, it has a wider application.

There is nothing in "The Adventures of Ichabod and Mr. Toad" to suggest that Walt Disney, his corps of departmentalized animators and his guest celebrities are better artists than Washington Irving and Kenneth Grahame. The new Disney all-animation, full-length feature—a two-part film that boils down *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* and *The Wind in the Willows*—is in neither good taste nor bad. It shows a vivacious absence of taste; it is bright, sprightly, arch and obvious. The flavor of the originals is lost in garishness and pretension, and it was flavor principally that they both had to offer.

Basil Rathbone narrates the Toad half of the picture; Bing Crosby talks, sings and uh-huhs through the courtship and midnight disaster of Ichabod Crane. Both voices sound rich—much too costly for the simple needs of the stories. Washington Irving and Kenneth Grahame really do not require the expensive bolstering that Disney so generously gives them. And Disney, who became a world figure in the early days of animation by striking off his own fine characters for his own fantasies, is poorly employed in thus debasing the stable currency of childhood.

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